SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Contributions.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Memoirs.

[...ld have me forget thee, and bury the past,
...ith the dreams of youth's wonder woven,
...ld consent'd regret on its pages to cast,
...brighten the gloom of the grave:
...on of thy fleeting to chase from its ray,
...the storm cloud of misery lowers,
...the image of each gladsome day,
...ste as the leaves of the flowers.

...ld have me think lightly on scenes that have fled,
...transient dew of memory's noon,
...ordinance of parting so faintly are shed,
...gem at the heart, but to forget:
...ld have me regret not its power to fling
...confidence of love on the mind,
...ld have me think that Angels shall sing,
...ere shall be fear on the wind.

...ld have me forget thee, when memory and mirth,
...in triumph, and moments of delight,
...the wail that its failures too justly call forth,
...the tone of reproach in my flight:
...ld have wound the hearth, at the evening's calm hour,
...household in gentle communion,
...thee in the glow of youth's merry hower,
...ld have me forget thee, even then!

...ld have me forget thee, when time shall destroy
...e spell that from love all its hommage of joy,
...ge now in the gloom from the brow;
...ld have me forget thee, when sadness has fled,
...ere is no more to mourn;
...the pardon that breathes from thy features is dead,
...the song of the hymen is over.

...ld have me forget thee—my dreams are all gone—
...ere is no more hope for the past—
...ast on the ruins of happiness flown
...the light of the present at last,
...the wishing except to forget,
...that could make me remember,
...ve what may. For a talisman yet,
...ere is nothing like death.

G. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Devil's Rock.

A Tale of Land and Sea.

BY CARNET CLEW.

"The wind rises."

It was a cloudless evening, and the full moon, riding a flood of silvery radiance over the old of Lawton Park, sailed majestically on high, a countenance as undimmed as when she smiled on Eden, before sin and sorrow had set to become the tenants of the earth. The ...ntinelled here and there, with clumps of ...stretched away in front of the house, and...s dark old wood, the forest of cedars that ...more the days of the Conquerer, and ...long cool vistas, opening distantly away ...the sight, distilled a mellow light on the ...the obscurity, and then a solitary prospect ...y trees, rolling uplands, and a patch of ...y jumping through the trees to the sea.

The sound of a waterfall, mingled with ...e tunes of the leaves, came gently to the ...with a soft and tranquil influence, such ...e scene seems as it rarely witnessed, unless ...me quiet old aristocratic parks, which have ...gray with antiquity, without losing their ...ness and freshness.

In a balcony of that old hall, looking out upon ...eautiful scene, stood two beings as yet in the ...ne of fairy life. They were a boy and girl, ...m it she had been the child of poverty, ...ad of the bounty of the broad land of her ...But in her eyes all these advantages of ...nothing, for they could not afford her that ...ce for which her young soul thirsted. In ...ld she had lived, and loved, and wept, and ...of fortune was, in her parent's eyes, an ...but to their union. That one stood by her side, waiting to bid her farewell, ...set cold from the bosom of the man who ...ssion he had fully vowed to visit no more Henry Lumaine, poor though he was, ...ed not to talk to the heiress of the ...ropelled his suit, although his departure was ...ng from those eyes which he had ...ed to illumined his home with a spell, ...that beautiful girl listening to her half ...ake, as she strove to slur his determina...thought how different would have been her ...e, instead of being born a dependent, he ...ons into the world the heir of broad lands ...ng an orphan name.

Henry Lumaitine was the son of a female ...d of the great St. Leger family, and being ...an orphan in early infancy, had never known ...e parental affection. Deserted by those ...ould relative to another, just as selfishness ...e dictated to his rich connexions, he had ...up to the ranges of boyhood without knowing ...e meaning of home; and when one day, ...o bid farewell of the young orphan, had ...ated from a wedding-guest's mansion to that ...he halted this new and exciting life with ...ect picture than he had ever known ...

Adopted and educated by the professor, he ...ntinued in the service until the arrival of ...; and in that time, having been inflicted ...very quarter of the globe, and learned ...of the world's coldness indifference to them ...fortune gifts with neither wealth nor title, ...conclusion of the war, however, and the ...to the land of his nativity, he had ...to the oft expressed wishes of his cousin ...Leger, to retire from the service, at least ...and resided for a time with his kinsman ...while. With a Lieutenant's commission ...his pocket therefore, and a versatility of ...which gained him friends wherever he ...Lumaitine at the age of twenty-three, set ...visit the seat of the head of his mother's ...ing to his own account.

In inviting the already celebrated young Lieu...to his residence Mr. St. Leger thought ...his own gratification, and the relief that ...attend his unusual absence from the presence of ...already somewhat known for gallantry to ...mence. He did not dream that so ...ly a ...ld be found in love with the daughter of ...either the head of either his daughter or the young ...ommand; and as he had long destined ...ld cousin to be the bride of some lordly ...who might uphold the honor of the ...he held and imagine that by any per...ability could be thwarted. Not that Mr. ...eger was a harsh parent, or a foolish admirer ...ters. Though only a commoner, his family ...ved for long among the titled ones of the ...to be destined by a contract, and in fact he ...had himself so much upon his ancient birth ...would have scorned an alliance for his ...ighter with even a duke, had he been a per...There were odd points in his character ...it is true; but there are more Mr. St. Legers than one.

The continued opportunities which the two young relatives enjoyed of being thrown into each other's society without check or limit, soon, however, raised up an insuperable barrier to Mr. St. Leger's designs, by creating, in the heart of the young lasimar, a love for Henry Lumaitine, which was as pure, as it was fondly returned on his part. Passing most of the day in each others company, and full of all the hope and buoyancy of youth, how could it be expected that the one should not beguy his long hidden affection, and that the other should not long be able to withstand its proof? And so it was. In one word they loved. It was a bright dream, but it was soon over. An accident discovered the real state of affairs to Mr. St. Leger, and exciting his own folly in not seeing the danger before, he resolved to crush all hope in the bosom of his young relative at once. He did so; but in a manner, which, though unintentionally so, was galling to the proud spirit of the young lieutenant. For the first time since he had been at Lawton Hall, he felt his degradation. He vowed to leave it at once, and never again to darken its threshold.

"And now, Clara," to the young man, with an agitated voice, "I must bid you farewell. God knows how painful it is to me—but it must be said. Perhaps," but overcome by emotion he quivered as he spoke, "we may yet meet in happiness. I am only the poor Lieutenant, with no fortune save my own good sword; but I will carve out with it, a name which shall be heard of even in these proud Halls—but forgive me, I will not speak harshly of them for your sake. Clara—look up," he continued, passionately, "only for a moment, and then—farewell."

The weeping girl lifted her tearful eyes to his, and for a few moments they embraced in but broken sentences. There was a look of hair severed from that fair head—a hurried pressure of the expectant lover's hand, and then the young officer sprang hastily from the balcony, mounted his steed, and—was gone. A fresh flood of tears came to the maiden's relief;—and pressing, blushingly, to her lips, a ring he had in that parting moment given her, she stood gazing after the retreating horseman until the most distant sound of the hoofs had long died upon the air.

A year passed by, and Clara St. Leger though as beautiful as ever, was no longer the gay laughing creature she had been once. Her smile was sweeter but sadder; and her face was, oh! how ethereal! Her health began to decline without any perceptible cause, though her parents heart often smote him with suspicions of the truth; and he found himself wishing more than once that the gallant young Lieutenant was less fair relative, or more wealthy. It was in these circumstances that he suddenly received a message, calling him to Cheraw-hill to look after a large investment which had fallen into the hands of a house expected to become bankrupt. He hastened to obey the summons, and leaving Clara in the care of her aunt, set out on his journey. Business would detain him in the Northern Capital for a month or so longer, he determined to try of a change of scene would not be beneficial to his daughter. He seized a favorable opportunity, therefore, of writing for her by an old captain of the coasting sloop, which was to convey him to the end of his funds, and in whose care he could confide his daughter. Clara remarked, in consequence, for the night, distilled on the balcony, as usual of which her love had told her so many tales.

And during those changes, where was that love? She had remained in the house of mourning for him, to the last of which he told her that he had determined to leave England, and seek in some other country that happiness which he could not find in his own. Like him, he had been disinherited by his aunt at the instigation of her son

Daguerre, recent as it is, shall soon be returned to him from this western world, stripped of half its mechanical arrangements, and capable of a more ready and useful adaptation. These instances, snatched at random from a multitude, prove that there is among our people a boldness and originality of invention, which cannot fail to secure great success in the liberal arts, when more favorable circumstances demand their more zealous cultivation. Even now the catalogue of American Artists must be regarded with great respect when we read upon it such names as those of President West, Copely, Stuart, Allston, Newton, Harding, Cole, Greenough, Inman, and others, of whose talents my inferior knowledge will not permit me to pronounce an opinion, or whose modest worth I must not cause to blush, even by just praise, when I see them present.

Such injudicious encomium has an especially mischievous effect upon the young Artist. He is peculiarly sensitive of public opinion. I will not say that he belongs to

"A simple race, who waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;"

but he feels that it is not enough to cry with the Pisan before his own works, "Bene! Bene!" without an echo to his exclamation. It is the hope of praise which cheers him in his lone and enthusiastic toil; and, if praise be withheld, his genius droops the wing and dies. It is most unkind to feed this generous appetite into morbid extravagance, as unkind as it was in that populace who smothered their patriot with the robes they heaped upon him for his honor. Chiselling a head, without a model, from a rough stone, does not make a Phidias or Thorwaldsen; painting one fair face, a Titian or a Guido; or copying a landscape, a Salvator or Poussin. Long study and learning, the abandonment of many a habit, and patient failure, were necessary to raise even the best masters to deserved eminence. Raffaelle learned from Massaccio. The Artist, even when he finds the flattering unction most sweet, knows that there should be some extraordinary merit to deserve it. He become impatient of a slow and sure progress, and is sadly tempted to substitute eccentricity for boldness; glare for brilliancy; or dark confusion for depth of shadow. He varies his pursuit, and, forgetting the maxim, "Non omnes omnia," undertakes to excel where his genius does not lead. All this, the more prudent and experienced among you know well, but a word of caution may not be lost. Let us all remember, that the truest friendship is that which points out faults with kindness, and praises with faithful caution. We learn best from those who tell us when we are wrong. The most ignorant can thus teach something, as the cobbler who criticised the shoe of Apelles, or an indignant laundress, who protested that she never washed the shirt with which Jarvis had indued her master.

There is a fault in our country, now less rarely met with, of condemning without measure or exception, every thing American. It is chiefly to be found among those who return

"from foreign tour,
Grown ten times pertér than before;"

too good to be plain republicans, after having uncovered their heads to royalty, or stood within the threshold of an aristocratic ball-room; who can talk of nothing but dinners at Very's; ices at the Café de Paris, or green oysters at the Rocher de Cancale; who have either not mind enough, or not heart enough, to love their own land above all others. These men will pass through your exhibitions, "naso adunco," full of scraps from foreign languages, and abusing, by misuse, the the terms of Art, give you to understand that, in their opinion, nothing which you can produce, is worth looking at by one who has seen the Buckingham Gallery, the Louvre, the Vatican, or the Bourbon Collections. They will often parade upon their walls miserable dark daubs, imposed upon them by scheming picture dealers, as works of the old masters, but cannot think, for a moment, of buying an American picture. Heed them not. The true lover of art sees some beauty even in an inferior picture, and can detect a latent power in the new and nameless pencil. He must prefer the best; but, as a critic and a patriot, he will acknowledge the good if a countryman has produced it; and, for Art's sake, he is sure to encourage merit, however slight it may seem at first to be. There is, for instance, a sign of a horse in Market street, which I often see in my walks; faulty it may be, in many particulars, and injured by exposure to all weathers, and yet, I venture to assert, that one who can look at it without some degree of pleasure, would scarcely enjoy Paul Potter's bull.

Notwithstanding these opposite errors, we may rely with confidence upon our strong sense of national reputation for the support of art. Let it be shown by your skill and devotion, that the Arts do embellish and exalt our country, and they shall receive a grateful return of reward and honor.

It is well for those, who have sufficient wealth, to bring among us good works of foreign or ancient masters, especially if they allow free access to them for students and copyists. The true gems are, however, rare, and very costly. A single masterpiece would swallow up the whole sum, which even the richest in this country would be willing to devote in the purchase of paintings. I hope, however, soon to see the day, when there shall be *a fondness for making collections of works by American Artists, or those resident among us.* Such collections, judiciously made, would supply the best history of the rise and progress of the Arts in the United States. They would, more than any other means, stimulate Artists to a generous emulation. They would reflect high honor upon their possessors, as men who love Art for its own sake, and are willing to serve and encourage it. They would be gratifying in a high degree to the foreigner of taste, who comes curious to observe the working of our institutions and our habits of life. He does not cross the sea to find Van Dycks and Murillos. He can enjoy them at home; but he wishes to discover what the children of the West can do in following or excelling European example. The expense of such a collection could not be very great. A few thousands of dollars, less than is often lavished upon the French plate glass and lustres, damask hangings, and Turkey carpets, of a pair of parlors, (more than which few of our houses can boast) would cover their walls with good specimens of American Art, and do far more credit to the taste and heart of the owner. Rich furniture, to say nothing of the bad taste of crowding it into such pretty apartments, is little better than a selfish and rude ostentation of wealth, to excite the envy of guests; and it is not in human nature to think better of others, who insist upon showing that they are richer than we. Riches, though they gain, for obvious reasons, outward deference, when they are mere riches without taste or refinement, are always secretly despised, and their possessors are, in the judgment of the world, like vile pottery upon which gold has been wasted in useless gilding. There are those, who cannot look upon a mirror without seeing within it a beautiful picture, dearer to their eyes than any other upon earth; but many of us would prefer a landscape by Cole or Doughty, to any such personal reflections of ourselves; and care little whether we trod upon Brussels or ingrain, sat upon velvet or hair cloth, if we might, by the kind bounty of our entertainer, enjoy the genius of our dear native land. It has become, I am told, unfashionable to put pictures upon the walls, except it be in a gallery, which few can afford to have. If so, it is a bad habit, which should be amended; a habit which must lower us in the scale of true refinement, and greatly impede the progress of true taste.

Conclusion next week.

"Suggestions to Parents and Others."—The twelfth and thirteenth Numbers of Dr. A. H. McNair's domestic medical Suggestions to parent and others, contains an account of the cause and treatment of several species of nervous affections among which we perceive Epilepsy or falling fits, Tic Douloureux, Gout, Rheumatism, &c.

The character and utility of the work may be ascertained from a recommendation of it by physicians in another column of to-day's paper.

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To-day's Paper.

We flatter ourselves that we present our readers to-day with a choice sheet. The original tale is from a practiced pen, and will be read with interest. The beautiful address of Dr. Bethune, commenced in our paper of to-day is one of that gentleman's happiest efforts. On our fourth page, is the whole of Master Humphrey's Clock as far as published, to give place to which we have crowded out our usual advertising matter. The news matter, has been carefully collected and collated, and we may safely say, that in this department we give a greater variety, than any weekly paper published. In fine, we feel somewhat proud of this sheet.

The Bones of Napoleon.

The enthusiasm with which the French people have received the proposal on the part of their government to remove the bones of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, is an evidence of the truth of one of his own sayings—that in 20 years from the day of his death, his name would be as popular as ever, and the man who then wronged him would be among the first t assert his glory.

The sight of a great nation, coming up as with one mind, to bring back from a foreign soil, the bones of their greatest hero, may well arrest the attention of the civilized world; but when to this is added the memory of that hero's meteor existence, and the perfidy which drove him an exile from the shores, where he had reigned a king, the mind is almost awed by the magnitude of the spectacle.

The world has never looked upon a career surpassing that of Napoleon. All that ancient or modern history relates, is nothing to his splendid existence.—Coming into manhood upon the eve of the downfall of an ancient dynasty, burning with an ambition as indomitable as it was gigantic; and endowed with an intellect that seemed to be almost superhuman, seeing at a glance through every difficulty, he plunged, at once, and fearlessly, into the wild vortex of a sinking state, and when every one fled affrighted from the helm, seized it himself, inspired all with instant energy, and, rescuing the Commonwealth from anarchy and ruin, bore her in triumph safely into port. Europe itself owned the power of his genius, and sought that alliance with the First Consul, which she had refused to the republican directory. England alone stood aloof. But even she at last recognised his sceptre, and the Corsican adventurer, moved among the kings of Europe, the greatest of them all.

But it was well remarked by Napoleon that the jealousies of the legitimate sovereigns would not suffer him to maintain peace for any length of time lest their own subjects should be infected with the republicanism of the French people; and that, even if the kings of Europe had desired it, the necessity that lay upon him of dazzling his subjects by new victories, and a constantly increasing glory, forbade him resting in repose. It was this, and not an unholy and insane ambition—as some have made it—which precipitated him, with his legions, year after year, upon Europe; carrying fire and sword wherever he went, crushing the oldest monarchies with one blow of his mailed arm, striking terror into the hearts of cabinets and kings, carrying his name as on the wing of the lightening to the uttermost parts of the earth, and making empires quake beneath his tread as if the rider of the Pale Horse in the Apocalypse was careering over the earth. Five times did a continent coalesce to put him down; and five times did he shatter their alliances like a potter's vase. Italy—Austria—Prussia went down, like lead, before his blow; and the fields of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena, told the knell of their hopes. Russia herself quailed before his desolating march, and gladly embraced his offer of alliance. The peace of Tilsit delivered over a world to the conqueror of the north and the south. There Europe was parcelled out between these gigantic monarchs, and they vowed to make common cause against mankind. But the possession of Constantinople proved the apple of discord which finally severed this unholy alliance.

The death-like repose in Europe which followed the peace of Tilsit, was the period at which the power of Napoleon had reached its acme. His words gave law to Europe. Kings crowded his anto-chamber, queens bore the train of his empress, princes played the equerry in his palace, dynasties went and came at his bidding like the pageant of phantasmagoria, and even

"Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne."

"But," in the words of Lord Brougham, "his vaulting ambition at last overleaped itself. The ember of discord existing between him and Alexander, from his refusal to suffer the Russian Emperor to seize on Constantinople, was ultimately inflamed into an open rupture, which the gold of Britain skilfully fanned until it burst into deadly animosity. A last coalition was formed against the French Emperor, and to arrest it at a blow he determined on penetrating to the heart of the Autocrat's dominions, and dictating peace from Moscow itself. He succeeded in the first; but fire and tempest forbade the last. In the dead of winter he began his retreat towards Poland. History affords no parallel to that terrible rout. Weak, worn out, dispirited, lost in a strange land, surrounded by interminable snows, with the pitiless storm beating in their faces, and the fierce Cossacks hanging on their rear, that late gallant army, whose legions were as countless as they were invincible, fell day by day to pieces, perishing by sword, tempest, or famine, until its hundreds of thousands had left their bones bleaching on the icy soil of Russia. When at last the passage of the Borodino closed the tragedy, scarcely a twentieth part of that million of men was left.

The rest of his career is written in blood and treachery on the one hand, and the most stupendous efforts to recover his ascendancy on the other. But though his intellect only shone brighter amid the gloom of that era of disasters, his weapon was fallen from his hands, for his army was gone. The veterans of Austerlitz and Jena, slept the sleep of death amid the snows of Russia, and his raw conscripts, though brave as were their fathers, had not the same consciousness of invincibility. Defeat met them at every turn, treachery stepped in to aid in their overthrow, and the rout at Leipsic, at length hurled them back, a crowd of fugitives, upon the soil of France. Then was exhibited the full genius of this mighty military conqueror. Surrounded on every hand, hemmed in like a wounded lion, with an army not a tithe of that of his pursuers, he yet kept them at bay for a whole month, turning in every direction to oppose them with a rapidity of thought, fighting often two battles on the same day, and only at last yielding, when treason, for the fourth time struck the truncheon from his hands, and his own household deserted him in his sore distress. Could he, at that period, have recalled to life his old veterans of Boulougne, he would even from the lowest ebb of fortune, have re-instated himself, and been again "the thunderer of the scene." But fate willed it otherwise, and perhaps it was better for the human race it should be so. He fell, and

"Since he miscalled the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far."

His return from Elba was the last, but brightest act in this brilliant drama. A whole nation, which, a twelvemonth since, had cast him off, received him with open arms, and an enthusiasm bordering upon madness. But that short though glorious career is matter of every day history. After twice gaining the battle of Waterloo, the arrival of Blucher, and the more than suspected treason of Grouchy, struck him a second time to the ground. Even then he might have saved himself, if the legislative body had rallied as the people wished to, around him. But they would not—and Napoleon became the exile of St. Helena.

In all his victories however, and amid his career of universal desolation, he was ever the friend of France. His chief ambition was to link his name individually with that of France, and make his country's glory and his own the same. His civil code, his public works, his military organization of her armies have all remained, amid her changing dynasties, to tell how nobly he labored for his country. Even the most tyrannical of his acts, the conscription, originated with his predecessors, and was carried on by him, through stern necessity. His very form of government remains to this day in France, and Louis Phillippe sits on a throne, built for him by Napoleon. Every thing bears the impress of his genius. Has he not made his name and her's one?

France owes it to herself therefore to restore his bones to that soil which he loved so ardently, and we do not wonder at the enthusiasm which pervades her people with respect to it. What will be the feelings of Bernard, Las Casas, and the other companions of his exile, when they behold the tri-color waving proudly over the coffin that contains the remains of him, who bore it in triumph, from the Nile to Moscow, and gave it a celebrity that shall never die!

Betting at Elections.

The papers from the interior, teem with accounts of bets which have been made, and are offered on the approaching elections. It is an evil, the growth of which every man, who sincerely loves his country, no matter what are his political principles, must deprecate. Every good citizen is bound to sustain the laws, and to discountenance every attempt at their violation. The morals of the community, and the welfare of the country, demand it at his hand. We believe that the system of betting on elections, is fraught with injury to the public morals, and is inimical to the principles of republicanism, and good government. The purity and freedom of the elective franchise is impaired thereby, and if corruption is suffered to stalk awhile unabashed over the prostrate rights of freemen, not all the art of the virtuous and good combined, shall be able to redeem our country, and to bring back to their pristine vigor and youth, the energies in favor of liberty, of this great and growing nation. The evil must be nipped in the bud, the hydra must be crushed in its youth. The poison once fairly inserted in the veins, the blood of the nation once fevered to madness, not all the arts of the state physician, will be able to bring the pulse of the populace back to a healthy and regular tone. The corruption by bribery, the offspring of this political gambling, has been the downfal of most free states.—Had the statesmen of Rome, in the palmy days of her glory, employed their wisdom in checking the first budding of corruption in the popular vote; had the evidence of bribery been promptly followed up, by the conviction and punishment of offenders, ere like a gangrene depravity of morals had entered into the vitals of the nation, she might long have continued to give laws to the world. So long as the ballot-boxes of our country are above the reach of gold, we have nothing to fear, but when cheating and roguery, bribery and corruption, become the only hope of parties, our liberties will be trembling on the verge of departure.

Very few persons are aware of the extent to which this pernicious system is carried in this country. The interests of each section, being in the hands of a set of political leaders, whose voices give law to the party, they are mostly enabled to estimate the extent of success to be calculated upon, in the district which they represent in the great combination of political gamblers. In the inland counties, where a few leading families of different townships give law to the whole, and are often as deeply involved in pecuniary speculation on the success of the party, as they are in intrigue for place and power, a few thousand dollars squandered as the seed of crime, enable them to reap a prolific harvest of wealth and power. With such men, every political measure, is governed by the most sordid interest. The welfare of their country is regarded no farther than as it advances their own. Workmen under their control, are obliged to succumb to dictation, and to yield to arrogance the dearest rights of freemen; or in the assertion of their independence to feel the miseries of idleness, and to subject their families to the hazard of experiencing all the horrors of want. How much worse are these things when such proscriptive measures become the adopted policy of parties, the leaders of which, if in power, possess the means of afflicting whole communities of men.

Do the public improvements of the day open a field for the display of the powers of the enterprising artist—the interests of the party demand that his political qualifications should first be ascertained. Much the more so, if those who have the selection of workmen are deeply involved in the bets of the day.

As for ourselves, we believe betting to be as much a sign of political weakness as of strength, and in nine cases out of ten the last argument to silence the sturdy facts of a political opponent is to offer to bet what perhaps neither ever saw—one or five thousand dollars. It is an extremely small way, though sometimes a hasty one, of settling the question. We believe however, that its practice injures any party among thinking men. We have great faith in the strength, virtue, and intelligence of the *people* of this country—those who are wedded to the cause of liberty and republicanism, because they understand its real worth—but we treat with scorn your mere grog shop politician, whose patriotism is inflamed from his glass, and whose arguments are oaths and bets.

We think it the duty of every good citizen, without reference to parties, to frown down a system so pregnant of corruption. If our political privileges are to be preserved to us unimpaired—if we wish for the free, full, and honest exercise of the elective franchise—if we wish our laws to be framed and administered by men incapable of stooping from the dignity of freemen, to the petty, low, and contemptible tricks for the passage and application of a favorite measure—if we wish that our public improvements shall be conducted upon a principle of purity, and of enlarged, generous, and unrestricted patronage of worthy citizens—if, finally, we wish to perpetuate our liberties, and to transmit the blessing to our children—we shall by every means in our power, discountenance and condemn as scandalous, iniquitous, and *unworthy of a free people*, the system of betting on the result of elections.

Stool Pigeons.

Stop that Thief!—Some of our citizens are under the impression that the abominable "stool pigeon" system, which has just exploded in New York, is in full operation in our own city. We have very strong suspicions that they are not far off the truth. On Tuesday morning last, as two of our personal acquaintances were standing in earnest conversation at the corner of St. James and Seventh street, one of them noticed a large, tall, well dressed man, who seemed to walk up and down and about, as though watching for somebody, or reluctant to leave the premises. He pointed him out to his companion, and inquired if he knew him. "Know him! to be sure I do," he replied. "Take my word for it, there will be a *store robbed* in this vicinity before to-morrow morning." "Indeed why so?" was the rejoinder. "Yonder man," said he, "is one of the most notorious thieves and burglars in this country. He is well known to the police, but for reasons best known to themselves, they rarely trouble him, unless it be to entrap some less fortunate culprit into the meshes of the law. He is a thief from birth, and was sentenced to be hung when a boy, for assisting to stop and rob the U. S. Mail, but was pardoned through executive clemency in consideration of his youth. "Take my word for it," he repeated, "there will be a robbery in this vicinity before morning."

The friends parted. Next morning, sure enough, the whole neighborhood rang with the announcement that a hardware store in Market between Sixth and Seventh streets had been burglariously entered the night before, from an empty house back on St. James' street, and robbed of choice cutlery to the extent of $400. The rascals seemed perfectly aware that, as a contemporary expressed it, they were "perfectly at home, having taken down a lot of segars that was used by one of the firm, and smoked them with the most perfect nonchalance—the ashes being carefully deposited on the counter, as a memento of their ease and independence." This all seems very singular, and looks as if the thieves had made arrangements to occupy the premises undisturbed; but the oddest circumstance is yet to come. Hearing of the robbery, our two acquaintances went up to the Police Office on Wednesday morning to lodge information. To their surprise, when they described the notorious fellow whom they had seen lurking previously about the neighborhood, nothing but a careless reply was elicited, that he was known and could be apprehended when wanted—but that it was not proper to arrest or examine him at the present moment. The thief was evidently in favor with the police; and for some reason they did not think proper to trouble him.

The same morning, *another person* was arrested as having been concerned in the burglary alluded to, and was accommodated with a *private hearing* before his Honor, the Mayor, who very frequently obliges *big* rogue with that favor, while little ones are compelled to undergo the ordeal of a public examination.

In the city of New York it is well known that bargains were made with bold adventurous spirits by the highest members of the police, and stores were permitted to be disposed to a vast extent, one half the profits accruing therefrom going to each party—*unless* a reward were offered more than equivalent to the amount to be realized, when the goods were always found, *one* of the thieves arrested, and the reward divided between the "stool pigeon" and his official protector. We do not say that such things occur here—indeed we sincerely hope they do not—but when a notorious thief walks the streets in open day, elegantly dressed like a gentleman *de bon ton*—is suffered to inspect places easy of entrance—and, after such places are broken into, is still permitted to walk about unmolested, staring honest men out of countenance, and probably concocting new schemes of villainy, the public *will conjecture*, and the public *will* talk, in spite of all that can be urged against it.

Commissioner of Deeds.

Our friend Clark, of the Philadelphia Gazette, who was recently appointed by Governor Seward, of New York, Commissioner for that State, is now fully prepared for business, as will be seen by his card in our advertising columns. We wish him the success he deserves.

The Jews.—The Jews residing at Jerusalem, have issued a circular, recalling their brethren to Judah.

The Steamboat Collision.

We give in another column a notice of the collision at New York between the steamboats Napoleon and De Witt Clinton, in which the lives of 400 persons were put in imminent jeopardy through the jealous feelings and cupidity of an opposition line of steamboats. We subjoin the following on the subject from the New York Tattler:—

"When the Napoleon was opposite the pier of the De Witt Clinton, there was room for the latter to come out as boats usually leave the wharf, and turn her head up the river, on her course. But instead of leaving the pier under easy steam, as is customary, the Clinton bolted from the wharf under a full head, and with such angry haste as to break part of her fasts, instead of waiting to cast them off. She stood directly for the Napoleon. So suddenly and audaciously was the murderous intent evinced, that the pilot of the Napoleon had no time to stop the boat's way, and took the only safe and prudent course—heading for the Jersey side.

"The Captain of the Napoleon made earnest gestures to the De Witt to stop the way of the boat, to no purpose. On came the boat—a large craft of five or six hundred tons, striking the little Napoleon, a boat of less than two hundred, just abaft the wheel house. This point of the blow was caused by the change made in the course of the Napoleon, in the hope to avoid the collision. Had the De Witt struck the other amidships, the Napoleon must have inevitably gone down, with her living freight of three hundred souls!

"As it was, the Napoleon reeled under the blow, till water was taken in on deck. The shrieks of the passengers on board the smaller boat were plainly heard on the dock. Rumors of an *intended assault* of some kind had been given out during the day, and a large crowd in consequence collected—but nothing so devilish in atrocity as this was apprehended. Stout hearts quaked as the boats struck—manly cheeks were blanched with fear and horror; and to add to the terror of the affray, pistol shots were heard and seen. *The wheels of the De Witt were still going* when the boats struck—but God's mercy saved the apparently doomed passengers from their imminent danger.

"The boats separated—the Napoleon righted, her smoke pipe quivering like a ship's masts struck by a squall. The joy of the assembled crowd at the escape, went up in deafening cheers—the band on board the pirate boat impudently struck up Yankee Doodle, and the two boats proceeded on their way. It is wonderful indeed that the Napoleon received no disabling injury. Such a scene of excitement has seldom been witnessed in the times of peace. A naval engagement could not have caused more—and we trust that unless the scoundrels who were the cause of it are dismissed, it will result in the ruin of the Monopoly Line. If the public is just to itself, such must be the end of this affair.

"There is some contradiction relative to the firing. Rumor said yesterday that the pilot of the De Witt was killed, or dangerously wounded—a statement which we are not put to the delirious and superlative grief—if you like—of confirming. Some accounts state that a rotary pistol was fired three times by the Captain of the Napoleon, at the pilot of the De Witt, and that this circumstance, compelling him to stoop, and thus preventing his steering his boat as directly on the other as he intended, aided to save the Napoleon. Others say that the pistol was fired after the concussion.

The two captains published in Albany their statements of the affair. That of the Captain of the De Witt Clinton is signed by only fourteen persons, and does not exonerate him from blame; that of the captain of the Napoleon is signed by seventy-six individuals, Lieut. Chapman, U. S. Army, in the Chair; and in the boldest and most unequivocal manner casts the whole blame on the other boat; pronounces the act an "outrage," and a "premeditated villainous design," and concludes with the following resolution:

Resolved, That we return our thanks to Almighty God for delivering us through the agency of Capt. J. W. Hancox, who by his good management and resort to fire arms, caused the wheels of the De Witt Clinton to stop and save us from a watery grave.

Junior Members of the Bar.

ROBERT K. SCOTT, ESQ.

Has been a member of the Philadelphia Bar for about five years, during the last three of which, his engagements at the seat of the General Government, as a confidential officer in one of the Departments, have withdrawn him from the practice of his profession.

Mr. Scott studied law in this city with Samuel Chew, Esq., and after a faithful probation of four or five years, devoted not merely to the theory of the law, but to its practical details, with which he had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted in Mr. Chew's office, was duly admitted to our Courts. After practising for some time here, an advantageous and to so young a man, lucrative appointment in the Post Office Department at Washington, induced him, temporarily, to give up the pursuit of his profession, although as the writer of this knows, he never gave up thoughts of returning to it when a favorable opportunity might offer. It is perhaps as high a tribute as could be offered to Mr. Scott's business talents, to say that so great a value was placed on his services in the Post Office Department, (services rendered in matters both important and confidential) that it was with considerable reluctance, Mr. Kendall was induced some weeks ago to accept Mr. Scott's resignation.

Mr. Scott having been invited by his friend, C. W. Brooke, Esq. of this city, to assist him in prosecuting for the Commonwealth here, has resumed the practice of the law among us, to the great gratification of his friends, who are so numerous as to render the success of his own talents and integrity, seconded by their aid, almost certain.

Besides great familiarity with the practical details of his profession, Mr. Scott possesses a clear understanding, imbued with information and knowledge derived from the provinces of literature, politics and business. It is rare to find so young a person, so minutely and correctly informed on the history, power and resources of this country in its various sections. His three years residence in Washington, where he was an attentive observer of men and things, has given him a clear insight into the practical operations of the General Government, in all its several departments, as well as an acquaintance with the men who guide the helm of State. This makes his conversation abound with a species of information very uncommon in young men, and which books never could impart. But what renders his society most agreeable and endears him to his friends, is the charm of a disposition overflowing with kindness, good nature and generosity.

In a public point of view, also, we hail Mr. Scott's return to the Bar, because he will add one to the very few young lawyers amongst us, whose aim is to despatch business promptly and efficiently, rather than to bore judges and juries with tedious speeches far away from the real point at issue. In his person, Mr. Scott is tall and athletic, though rather slight; his complexion is fair and the expression of his countenance indicative of his disposition. His hair is sandy, a color said to be most common among men of talent. In his manners, Mr. Scott is sincere, polite and easy. But I had almost forgotten, Messrs. Editors, the injunction issued by you against all your correspondents, viz: *esto breve.* Your friend, SPECTATOR.

A Picture.—We have before us a lithographic likeness of the Battle of New Orleans, from "an unfinished painting of 14 by 22 feet by John Landis." Honestly speaking, it is a most execrable thing. It is out of perspective, out of drawing, and if out of view would benefit the artist some little in the public opinion. He has, in violation of the facts of that event and in utter despite of good taste, placed Gen. Packenham and his horse immediately beside the cotton bales—turning up his eyes like a duck in a thunder storm, or a musquito in the last stage of the cholera—while two officers, catching him as he falls, appear to be suppressing with difficulty a laugh, as though the whole scene were a most amusing combination of *jocose circumstances.* Packenham's horse, although shot down, (for the artist has considerately placed a large hole in his left-hind quarter to mark the locality of the ball) appears to be nibbling the grass as though determined not to die with an empty stomach, one of his fore legs drawn up into the shape of a triangle, and the other three in positions which no horse in nature could ever get them in, unless he had had them obligingly broken and dislocated with that particular view.

The bulwark of cotton is represented just about as high as a man's head, one end in fact being a single bale on its side, that any ordinary terrier might leap over without difficulty. Gen. Jackson is seated on a horse of most peculiar construction, with a face wondrously like an owl, a body like an elephant, and legs fitted in after quite an original fashion. Gen. Adair is delineated as considerably "pot-stomached," (to be polite) and Gen. Livingston is riding about on a beast whose posterior parts cannot be less (taking perspective into consideration) than 7 or 8 feet in width. In fine, the whole picture is a bundle of incongruities, impossibilities, and nonsensicalities. As to the artist, we may say in few words as Deacon Weld once said of poor Marsh, it were downright flattery to call the man an ass.

City News.

Chinese Museum.—Nathan Dunn, Esq., the proprietor of the Chinese Museum, is certainly one of the most enterprising, as well as one of the most tasty, liberal and wealthy gentlemen of the age. Independent of the money expended, and the taste displayed by him, in providing the curiosities, which under the title of Museum form the most valuable and comprehensive Chinese collection in the world—and of which, even to Louis Philippe, of France, who instructed his Minister to inquire if it could be purchased at any price whatever, he has steadily and uniformly refused to dispose—we think his recent erection of the fountain in the centre of the great Saloon, entitles him to no small degree of praise. It is no trifling affair, gotten up for a mere temporary purpose, with an over-weening eye to economy and his pecuniary interests; on the contrary, it is a magnificent embellishment, provided without regard to cost, wanting in nothing to complete it in every part, and one from which he can never expect to realize much, except public applause and self-gratification. It must have cost upwards of $3000; for he even sent to Europe for the artist and the materials, and kept him, two white men, and one colored man, constantly employed in its creation for a considerable time—all of which could not be accomplished for much less than the sum we have guessed at.

Precocity.—Three small boys, from five to eight years of age, were found about eleven o'clock on Sunday night in one of the cellar windows of the house of Dr. William Rush, No. 98 south Fourth street, under very suspicious circumstances, and handed over to the watch. Their names were John Boyle, James and Bertram Dethend. Monday morning, they were brought before the Recorder, when the mother of the two latter appeared and identified them. She stated that both of them had run away from her, and that the eldest had been absent for three weeks. She likewise identified the former (Boyle) as the son of one of her next door neighbors, and stated also that he had run away from his parents. From the evidence there seemed to be but little doubt that the trio were in the employ of some receiver of stolen goods. His Honor detained them, intimating to the mother, who had come forward, that he should either require bail for their good behavior, or send them to the House of Refuge.

Burglary.—The house of Richard M. Taylor, No. 239 Vine street, was entered between 3 and 5 o'clock on Sunday morning, and robbed of all his silver plate, two dozen knives and forks, and a blue frock coat. None of the articles have been yet recovered.

A colored man, named Williams, was arrested on Sunday by police officer Saunders of Spring Garden, and Constable John Johnson of Upper Delaware ward, on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, and taken before Alderman Brazer, who committed him for a further hearing. Monday morning he was brought up and fully committed in default of $500 bail, to answer at the next Court of General Sessions. Another colored man, named Joseph Gould, was arrested yesterday by officer Saunders likewise on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, and was committed by Alderman Brazer, for a further hearing.

Charged with Pickpocketing.—A man named James Scott, a native of Ireland, was brought before the Recorder on Monday morning, charged with having picked the coat pocket of Samuel Axon, tavern keeper, No. 5 Cherry street, of a pocket book containing $200 in money. He was a transient boarder in the house of Axon, and the offence was alleged to have been committed on Saturday evening last, in Axon's cellar, while he (Axon) was in the act of drawing a can of ale. The evidence against the defendant was of a very contradictory and doubtful character, yet sufficiently strong to warrant his being held to bail for a further hearing this morning, at 9 o'clock, to which time the case was postponed. Subpœnas to secure the attendance of other witnesses than those examined, both for the prosecution and the defence, were issued. The amount of bail demanded in the case was $200, in default of which the defendant was sent to prison.

Sprinkle the Streets.—We came very near suffocation on Saturday afternoon, through the outrageous indolence and ignorance of the insolent fellows whom our councils employ just now to clean the streets.—They were too lazy to *sprinkle* before they sweep the dirt, and at the corner of Fifth and Market, on Saturday afternoon, they raised such a dust, that we shouldn't wonder if they had to *dig* the passengers out afterwards. We hear complaints in every quarter in relation to the impertinence and independence of these street cleaners. They will not carry away the filth from private dwellings sometimes without a *douceur*, in the shape of 25 cents—although regularly paid to do it by the city authorities—and in sweeping not only raise an unnecessary degree of dust, but dash it into your face or over your clothes if you approach them, out of sheer mischief, or malevolence. We hope they will be looked to.

Look out for the Counterfeiter.—Early on Friday morning, a man entered the Fur store of G. A. Lemans, No. 60 North Fourth street, and purchased from a lad who was in attendance, a small Buffalo robe, the price of which was $3 50. He tendered in payment a $5 note of the Bank of Pennsylvania, and immediately left the store with his purchase, stating that he was in a great hurry and would call for his change. The lad suspecting that all was not right took the note into a neighboring store, where it was discovered to be a counterfeit. The counterfeiter was then pursued, but he succeeded in getting off. He is described as a German—low in stature—rather thick set,—with full round face,—dark hair, and a huge ugly nose. He had with him, in a black leather pocket book, a large quantity of notes of different denominations.

Trial of Commodore Elliot.—This case, which has occupied the attention of the Court Martial sitting at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for the last five weeks, sitting from five to six hours daily, Monday, at one o'clock, concluded the arduous duty of eliciting and recording the evidence, and allowed the counsel of the accused, the Hon. George M. Dallas, time until Saturday next, at 11 o'clock, to prepare his defence; at which hour that gentleman promised to be ready to commence its reading to the Court. From the mass of testimony collected it must necessarily be very long; yet from the assiduous attention which he has lent the case, from its commencement up to the moment of its termination, in connection with his admitted talents, we have no hesitation in predicting one of the most eloquent and forensick displays that was ever listened to before a Court Martial.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held on Friday morning on the body of a boy, named Daniel McKeen, who was found drowned in a pond in South street, near Broad. Verdict, "accidentally drowned."

Another.—The Coroner held an inquest on Friday on the body of young Haviland, who came to his death as detailed in our paper of last week. A post mortem examination was made by the Coroner, assisted by Drs. Harland and Mitchell. The ball entered between the seventh and eighth ribs, perforated the diaphragm on the left side, penetrated the left lobe of the liver, and passing through the right lobe of the liver, was found lying in the thorax on the right side. Verdict, "Accidental Death."

Burglary.—A new three story brick dwelling in Green street above Front, owned by Henry Dellinger, and at present unoccupied, was entered on Friday morning by a party of burglars. All the keys about the premises were taken out of the locks of the doors and carried off. The burglars likewise cut away and carried off a piece of lead pipe that conveyed the water from the hydrant in the yard to a bath tub in the second story of the house. Before leaving they deposited a quantity of filth upon the floor.

Swartwouted.—Thomas King is advertised as absquatulated with $41 48 which, being a drayman, he collected on Saturday last in a bill of freight, on a load he had delivered. He must think himself rich. He is thought to be lurking in the neighborhood of Fourth and Plumb streets, Southwark. The wool officers Byrne and McGinnis, of that District, were busily engaged in trying to ferret him out. The name of his employer was Fetters.

Assault and Battery at Sea.—George Harris mate of the brig Finance of this port, for an aggravated assault and battery upon one of the crew of the vessel, named Edward Daniels, was on Friday held to bail by Alderman Redman in $200, to answer at the U. S. Circuit Court. The vessel was in the Gulf Stream when the offence was committed.

Another Gone.—The Inquirer of Monday, speaking of the late Cashier of the Philadelphia Loan Company, says:—We learn that the bail of T. M. Moore being unable to justify was refused. An officer was then sent to take Mr. Moore into custody, but he was unable to find him. It was rumored last night that he had been seen on the road to New York.

The Grand Jury.—The Grand Jury for the present term of the Court of General Sessions adjourned on Thursday, after having found 420 bills.

Suing a Blind Man.—A criminal suit was brought before Alderman Sanders, of Southwark, a day or two since, in which Elijah Sparks, a dealer in hams, &c., in Second Street Market, below Lombard, was plaintiff, and a blind man with only *one* eye named J. D. Depter, the proprietor of a panoramic view, exhibiting at the time at the corner of 2d and South streets, called the "Burning of the Lexington," was defendant. The charge was assault and battery. From the evidence it appeared that the defendant's panoramic view was exhibited in a four-wheeled vehicle—that the plaintiff attempted to enter it without tendering the price of admission, was pushed back by the defendant, when he immediately had the defendant arrested upon the charge specified above. He then agreed to compromise the matter for $10, which being refused by the defendant, he finally fell to $2.—The Alderman thinking the charge quite groundless, and believing the plaintiff to be most to blame of the two, and seeing that it was a speculating business altogether on his part, very properly dismissed the case.

Thieves Arrested.—Alderman Campbell, Constable Dentry, and Police Officers Whisner and Ashman, of Moyamensing, arrested on Friday evening two colored men, named Lewis Jones and Samuel Scott, upon a charge of being concerned, in conjunction with another colored man named Isaac Murray, who is still at large, in robbing the store of Henry Ball, wholesale dealer in china, queensware and glass, No. 111 north Front street, of a considerable amount of goods, while they were all three employed about the store in packing and unpacking crates. The charge was clearly made out, and both of them fully committed by Alderman Campbell on Saturday to answer at the Court of General Sessions. A portion of the goods missing were found at the lodgings of the prisoners, part at Murray's house, and some at the second-hand stores in South and Shippen streets. The information that led to the arrest of Jones and Scott was obtained from Murray's wife. A large barrel of sugar, which had no doubt been stolen, was found at Murray's house.

A Light fingered Gentleman.—A well dressed man, who gave several names, among the rest that of Frederick A. Faustenburg, and who hailed from New Orleans, was brought before the Mayor on Tuesday morning, charged with stealing from the store of William Patten, Optician, corner of Sixth and Arch streets, a pair of gold spectacles of the value of $6, and an opera glass of the value of $4 50. He was likewise charged with stealing from the store of Baily & Kitchen, Jewellers and Silversmiths, No. 136 Chesnut street, a diamond pin of the value of $45. It appeared from the evidence that he was one of the light fingered gentry, who are in the habit of going into jewellery and fancy stores, with the recommendation of a fair exterior, and under pretence of pricing articles, manage to conceal them in some way about their persons. After a hearing he was fully committed in default of $500 bail, to answer at the Court of General Sessions. He was arrested by High Constable Young, and the articles mentioned above were found upon his person.

Pickpocket.—James Scott, committed upon a charge of picking the pocket of Samuel Axon, tavern keeper, No. 5 Cherry street, was brought before the Recorder Tuesday morning for another hearing. Besides Axon himself, two witnesses, whose names were David Freer and Joshua Cookson, were examined.—The former testified to his having on Monday seen $17 in notes—which were produced, claimed, and sworn to by Axon—taken by Mrs. Axon from the tail of Scott's wife's frock, into which they had been sewn up. The latter identified and swore to a $10 note on the United States Bank which was among them, as one he had paid Axon about 11 o'clock on Saturday. Axon testified also that the pocket book containing the money lost, as well as a number of papers of value that were in it, were found in the privy of his house, torn to pieces. His Honor believing the evidence altogether of a nature sufficiently satisfactory to warrant a binding over to Court, directed Scott to give $500 bail to answer at the Court of General Sessions, in default of which he was fully committed.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held on Tuesday morning at the Pennsylvania Hospital upon the body of a German named John George Esher, who had died some time during the night previous from having been severely kicked in the region of the abdomen. The verdict of the jury was "that the deceased came to his death from kicks and bruises inflicted by a man named Joseph Stark, while thrusting him out of his house on the night of the 14th inst." Stark is proprietor of the Jefferson House, in Dock street, nearly opposite the Bazaar. A warrant was immediately issued for his arrest by the Recorder, and yesterday afternoon he was apprehended by officer Metzer, and taken to the "lock up house" under the Mayor's office. He will be brought up for an examination this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Another.—The coroner in the afternoon of Tuesday held an inquest in Seventh street near Shippen, on the body of a colored child 1 year old, named Hannah Edwards, who died from general emaciation. Verdict accordingly.

Gamblers.—Three men named Samuel Lafferty, Thomas Adams, and William Anderson, and four boys named Isaac Buchanan, Irvine Buckhurst, Jacob Lesoure and James McCracken, were brought before Alderman Campbell of Moyamensing, on Monday evening, charged with gambling. They had been arrested on Sunday near the Arsenal in Passyunk township, where they were found pitching quoits, coppers, et cetera. The men were fined $4 and costs, each, and the boys bound over in $50 each, for their good behavior. A sister of one of the boys was likewise bound over in $50, for obstructing the officers who made the arrest in their duty. The information that led to the arrest was obtained from the Judges of the Court of General Sessions.

A Singular Sign.—A tailor on Chesnut street, at his clothing store, has a sign in his window of quite an original and attractive character. It is simply the word—C L O T H I N G—in letters of brass, but so prepared that the gas penetrates the letters, and escaping from a multitude of little holes, give to them at night, when lighted up, all the appearance of letters of living fire. It is a very cunningly contrived thing, and though common in London, is the first of the kind, we believe, in this country.

Melancholy Accident.—A son of Mr. George McKeown, about 20 years of age, was drowned on Tuesday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, at the foot of Walnut street, from the sail boat Ariel. It seems the boat was going out on a pleasure excursion, and while in the act of being shoved off from the wharf by the young man, he lost his balance and fell backwards into the water. All attempts to save him were ineffectual, owing to the great force of the tide.

The Constables and Tipstaves.—In regard to the Court of General Sessions and the Constables and Tipstaves attending to it, we perceive that the late Legislature confirmed the course pursued by the Court, limiting the number of constables to five, and permitting even them to be dispensed with, should their services be conceived unnecessary. The number of tipstaves is fixed at 12—making a total of only 17—less than 6 to each of the Courts in Session.

Coroner's Inquest.—On Sunday morning, the Coroner held an inquest at Walnut street wharf, on the body of a man found drowned. The deceased appeared to be about 50 years of age, and from the appearance of the body, must have been in the water some months. The body was in a perfect state of decomposition. Verdict, "found drowned."

Poisoned by Cheese.—The family of Martin Runyan, plasterer, in the rear of No. 98 Crown street, were poisoned on Friday evening, by some cheese, of which they had partaken for their supper. Medical aid was immediately called in and proper remedies administered. On Sunday they were considered out of danger.

Outrage.—A man named George Emler was severely beaten and kicked in the abdomen early on Monday morning, at the corner of Eighth and South streets, by some ruffians. He was carried to the Hospital, where he lay Tuesday afternoon with but very little hope of his recovery.

Keeping a Disorderly House.—A woman named Susan Burk was brought before Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing, on Monday, charged with keeping a disorderly house. The Alderman after hearing the charge bound her over in the sum of $200 to answer at the Court of General Sessions.

Throwing Stones.—On Monday morning a colored girl, named Eliza J. Hitchings was brought before Alderman Redman, charged with throwing stones at a colored man named William Wheeler. The Alderman committed her to Moyamensing.

Accident.—A hackman named McCann fell from the box of a hackney coach on Monday evening, at the corner of Broad and Chesnut streets, and had one of his ears completely severed from his head by the wheels of the vehicle passing over him.

Libel.—George W. McCord, publisher of the Pau Pry was on Saturday held to bail in the sum of $500, by Alderman Hay, for a libel on John Griffin, tavern keeper, No. 99 South Wharves.

Stark Examined.—The examination of Joseph Stark, charged with having kicked a German named John George Esher in the abdomen, from the effects of which kick he died, took place before the Recorder Wednesday afternoon. From the evidence of the witnesses examined, the deceased was in a state of intoxication on the night he is alleged to have been kicked. He was seen walking on both sides of Second street, sometimes on one side of the way and sometimes on the other. One of the witnesses alleges that she saw him thrown out of Stark's tavern—that he afterwards got up and walked to the steps of a door, and complained very much of his side. Another witness aided in getting him up to the garret of the Jefferson House, where he left him. When Dr. Ashmead was sent for, he found him on a settee, covered with a quilt—on his removing the quilt, and raising his shirt, which was covered with blood, he found his bowels protruding. Not being able to return the bowels, he gave him some laudanum, and took him to the Hospital in a furniture car. Every exertion was then made to return the bowels but without success. He seemed perfectly sensible during the operation. Only a part of the evidence was gone through; David Paul Brown, Esq. appeared for Stark, and the Attorney General, C. W. Brooke, Esq. for the commonwealth. Stark was, after the examination, taken back to Moyamensing. The examination was to be continued at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon.

Recklessness.—A hackman, named Henry Crockett was bound over on Wednesday, by the Mayor, in $250, to answer at the next Court of General Sessions, for an assault and battery upon a colored man, a carriage driver, in the employ of William V. Anderson, No. 242 Spruce street, named David Robbins. The offence was committed on Saturday, the 16th inst. The following are the circumstances:—Robbins was sitting on the box of his employer's private carriage, at the Reading Railroad Depot, in Broad street, when Crocket, whose hack was just in rear of the carriage, very carelessly and recklessly ran foul of and upset it. This threw Robbins under the carriage, the wheels of which ran over him, injuring him about the back, head and shoulders. The horses also started off at a furious rate, and their progress was only stopped by the carriage coming in contact with a lamp post. Crocket in the mean time drove on down Arch street, without once giving himself a thought concerning either the situation of Robbins or the mischief he had done to the carriage which was considerably shattered by the collision, both with his hack and lamp post.

Accident.—A pair of horses attached to a market wagon belonging to a farmer from the country, took fright Wednesday morning, near the corner of Market and Sixth streets, and ran down Sixth. When making the turn at Sixth street, one of the axletrees of the vehicle was broken, and a wheel knocked off by its coming in contact with the "city nuisance." The driver, a hostler, named James, employed at the Pennsylvania Hotel, in Sixth street, opposite North, was thrown out and severely injured. The wheel which was knocked off, passed over him. The vehicle next came in collision with an ice cart standing in front of the office of the Philadelphia Ice Company. This detached the horses, and they kept on at rapid speed to Walnut street, and down Walnut to Fifth, where they were stopped. In passing the corner of Sixth and Chesnut several persons standing there narrowly escaped.

The Fourth of July.—Our volunteer military companies, instead of abandoning the city as usual, on the anniversary of our National Independence, have determined on the coming occasion to remain at home, and promenade the streets of Philadelphia. This is perfectly right, and we are rejoiced to be able to note the salutary change. The Montgomery Guards of New York, promise to pay us a visit on the 3d, consigned to the care of Captain Robert Flanagan, of the Montgomery Hibernia Greens, and remain here and share in the festivities of the succeeding day: altogether therefore, we may reasonably anticipate an enlivening time.

A "Burner" Arrested.—Police officers Ashman and Whisener, of Moyamensing, on Wednesday morning arrested a colored man named Johnson, one of the gang known as the "Moyamensing burners." From some information obtained by the officers they identified him as an individual who had been seen on Tuesday afternoon, to play off a game of swindling to the tune of $100 upon a stranger, whom he had decoyed into an obscure alley leading from Lombard street.—He was brought before Alderman Hoffner, and committed for a further hearing.

Temperance Festival.—This great *fete*, which is to take place in this city on the approaching Fourth of July, will be something never before equalled. It will be held at the Museum, and great preparations are in progress to make it a memorable and exciting event. The Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, the celebrated poet, will certainly be present, and many eloquent addresses will be delivered, temperance songs sung, and odes recited, calculated to win the young from the path of inebriety, and impress upon them the importance of a temperate life.

A Sweet Rogue.—A dirty looking *loafer*, named James Duffey, was fully committed on Tuesday morning by the Recorder in default of $300 bail, to answer for the larceny of fifteen luscious pine apples, of the value of $1, and a bag of the value of 25 cents. The fruit and bag had both been stolen from a vessel at the wharf. The rogue was arrested by watchman Dick, of the south east division, who found the articles in his possession.

Fire Crackers.—The Fourth of July is not quite here yet, but the little boys about our streets, are too impatient to await its arrival, and have already commenced the work of mimic war, with fire crackers, and very *young* cannon. We can hear them fizzing, snapping and cracking in every direction about Southwark of an evening. Fun's fun, boys, but take care you don't burn your noses.

Dangerous Assault and Battery.—A colored man named Peter Peterson, was sent to prison Wednesday morning by Alderman Hoffner of Moyamensing, for committing a dangerous assault and battery upon a white boy named Felix Burns, by striking him violently upon the head with a brick-bat. The boy's head was very badly cut. His mother, a widow, resides in 7th street near Shippen.

Moyamensing Prison.—It is said that the number of prisoners at present in Moyamensing prison is greater than has been known for the last three summers. It has been frequently necessary of late, in trivial cases, such as breaches of the peace, &c. to put three in a cell. This has been mainly attributable to the long interim of time between the breaking up of the old and creation of the new Criminal Sessions.

Cabbaging.—On Wednesday morning Ald. McCall of Southwark, committed two fellows named Samuel Patton and Charles Thompson, for robbing the garden of George King, in Federal street, between Fourth and Fifth, of a quantity of cabbages. They were arrested about 4 o'clock by the watchman of Merrick & Towne's Foundery. The cabbages were found in their possession. Each had an old bag full.

Those Little Black Hats.—The last fashion among the ladies is a very pretty little black shirred hat made of crape or lawn, with a slight wreath of roses just inside. It seems rather a violation of the rules of taste to wear a black hat in conjunction with a light dress, but we admit they have a charming look, and are really beautiful.

A Burglar Committed.—Christian Warner, one of the burglars arrested a few days since for being concerned in the late robbery at the hardware store of Parker, Keim and Shewell, No. 241 Market street, was fully committed on Wednesday by the Mayor, in default of bail to answer at the Court of General Sessions.

Driving on the Pavement.—On Wednesday evening a colored man, named John Williams, a drayman, in the employ of George Broom & Co., Sugar Refiners, was fined $3 and costs by Alderman Brazer for driving on the pavement. He was also held to bail in the sum of $100 for an assault and battery on Constable Johnson, who arrested him.

Furious Driving.—A young man named Thomas Cochran, was brought before the Mayor on Friday morning, and fined $3 and costs, for furiously driving a dray along Dock street. He was likewise held to bail in $300, to keep the peace for two calendar months. He had been arrested by officers Ireland and Delany.

More of the Indicted.—Alfred Croskey, late teller of the Schuylkill Bank, against whom a true bill for conspiracy was found on Wednesday morning by the Grand Jury of the Court of General Sessions, has been held to bail by Judge Barton in $10,000.

Accident.—On Wednesday morning, a man named John Rayle, fell on the pavement while in a state of intoxication, in Shippen street, near Seventh, and received a cut about the head. He was carried to the Hospital, where he still remains.

Assault and Battery by a Turnkey.—A turnkey of the County Prison, named Anthony Elton, was bound over in the sum of $250, by Alderman Johnson, of Southwark, yesterday, for an aggravated assault and battery on the person of John Hanna.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

June 10, 1840.

Senate.—Here, after some debate between Messrs. Brown, Ewing and Pearson, in favor, and Mr. Williams opposed to the tax bill, it passed final reading by the following vote:

A bill passed directing the interest upon our State loans to be paid in specie or its equivalent—it directs the difference to be paid between bank notes and specie to the holders of stock who have been paid during the suspension.

By resolutions passed to-day, Friday next, 12th inst. has been fixed upon for the final adjournment. In the House but little was done—a few private bills were considered, some of which were lucky enough to get through. To one relating to a lock-up house in Berks county, Mr. Penniman offered as an amendment, a bill providing for changes in the election of Commissioners, the selection of Prison Inspectors, and members of the Board of Health in Philadelphia. Messrs. Lee and Penniman, advocated its passage, and Messrs. Burden, Fisher, Hinchman, and Law, opposed it—finally it was lost, yeas 28, nays 47. A proposition made by Mr. Burden to the above bill, to separate the city from the county, was not agreed to, yeas 35, nays 40—(a joke.)

The Speaker of the House has directed that the special elections to be held in the counties of Chester and Susquehannah, on Monday next, 15th inst. shall not take place, in consequence of the final adjournment prior to that day.

June 11, 1840.

This being the last day of the session, a thousand bills nearly were acted upon some way or other.

Resolutions were reported by the committee of accounts in both branches for the daily pay of the members, allowing them pay for fifty-seven days, including the twenty-five days of the recess, together with mileage.

In the House, a resolution was adopted expressive of an opinion in opposition to the passage of a law by Congress for distributing among the new States, the proceeds from the sales of the public lands.

Resolutions of thanks to both Speakers were adopted.

The apportionment bill from the House was not passed by the Senate. The bill supplementary to the act relating to the election of Aldermen and Justices of the Peace was passed; also, a bill relating to election districts.

The bill providing for the payment of interest to the holders of the State loans, and other creditors of the commonwealth in specie or its equivalent, passed a final vote.

A message was received from the Governor vetoing the bill to charter the Lancaster County Loan Company.

As a matter of course this bill was not passed by a constitutional majority of two-thirds.

Both branches had afternoon sessions, and adjourned to meet 5 minutes past 12 o'clock at night.

June 12, 1840.

Well, we're done legislating for a while, the labor of the extra session closing this morning at one o'clock. Pursuant to resolutions passed through the day sessions, the two branches met at five minutes past 12 o'clock. Nothing was done but to settle the difference of the Houses upon a bill in relation to the election of Aldermen and Justices of the Peace, to which the Senate had put an amendment, providing for a uniform mode of assessing the value of real estate throughout the commonwealth. Upon this amendment committees of conference had been appointed, but they could not agree, and by mutual concession the bill passed with out the amendment relative to the assessments. The bill which passed is considered an important one inasmuch as it corrects the error of, and generally improves the general law in relation to said elections. The loss of the amendment is much regretted. There appears to be too much discrepancy between counties in the assessed value of real estate, and in consequence of the passage of the tax bill, it was considered essentially necessary and useful.

The usual committees to inform the respective bodies of their readiness, to adjourn, and to inform the Governor likewise, and ascertain if he had any further communications to make, were appointed and attended to their duties.

The Speaker of the House in a brief address took leave of his colleagues. His manner and his language were impressive, and altogether suitable to the occasion. He said distinctly that he did not intend to return again as a member.

The committees having reported, both bodies adjourned *sine die* about one o'clock—all parties in perfect good humor.

In the House there was 73 members present, and in the Senate 29.

This morning the greater part of the members left town.

Proceedings of Congress.

Twenty-sixth Congress—First Session.

June 10, 1840.

In the House, this morning, the motion to reconsider the New York pilot bill was the first thing in order. Mr. Curtis, of New York, took the floor, and made a speech in opposition to the petitions of the pilots. He also went into an analysis of the history of the last six years, to prove that the pilots of New York had been sadly neglectful of duty, and had subjected the commerce of New York to shipwreck and other disaster.

In the Senate, Mr. Fillmore's report on the subject of the re-organization of the militia system, and the proposition of Mr. Clay, of Alabama, to print a very large edition of that paper, was under discussion when I closed.

June 11, 1840.

Last evening, after the adjournment of the House, the Marine Band played some delightful airs in the gardens of the Capitol to an audience of some hundreds of fair ladies. Sing their praise O muse!

This morning, Mr. Hellen of your city made an eloquent and argumentative speech in favor of repealing the present pilot law.

After the reading of some Senate bills, the House took up the Mileage Bill reported on Saturday. Mr. Black moved to lay it on the table, but the motion was rejected, yeas 66, nays 130. The bill then passed by a large majority.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, made an ineffectual motion to re-consider, after which the House went into Committee on the Sub-Treasury.

June 12, 1840.

This morning in the House, the motion to re-commit the pilot report was argued by Mr. Hillen during the hour.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Sub-Treasury bill. Mr. Barnard, of New York, had the floor, and spoke at great length against the bill.

The other evening, the son of a poor widow was bathing in our canal, and unfortunately got out of his depth. One of his comrades instantly went to his assistance, but being grasped by the former, both were in imminent danger, and would doubtless have been drowned, but for the praiseworthy conduct of a young gentleman named William Brereton, who being an expert swimmer, extricated them from their perilous situation. As every good deed deserves recording, notice this as a noble example to others.

June 13, 1840.

The morning hour was taken up with Mr. Randolph's motion to re-commit to the Committee of Commerce the New York Pilot repeal bill, without any action upon it. The Sub-Treasury bill then came up, and occupied the House the remainder of the day.

June 15, 1840.

This morning in the House, as soon as the journal had been read, Mr. Jones, of Va., was upon his feet and moved a suspension of the rules for the purpose of going into with the Independent Treasury Bill. Mr. Wise asked his colleague to give way one moment to allow him an opportunity to offer a resolution fixing the period of adjournment on the 11th of July. Mr. Jones being afraid that others would also wish to ask favors, refused to give way. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the above bill.

In the Senate they are discussing the propriety of re-chartering our District Banks. There appears to be a strong prejudice against them. It is the general impression that the Sub-Treasury Bill will be reported sometime this week.

June 16, 1840.

In the House this morning, after some debate, the bill for the repeal of the Pilot law, was read twice, and before the question could be taken on ordering it to be engrossed, the morning hour expired.

Dixon Petriken endeavored to squeeze in a resolution proposing an adjournment on the 9th of July, but the House would hear nothing about it.

On motion of Mr. Jones, the House went into committee of the whole on the Sub-Treasury bill.

Mr. Black, of Georgia, having the floor, resumed and concluded his remarks from yesterday in support of the bill.

Mr. Crockett followed against it and spoke until the recess.

The Senate this morning is engaged on the bill for the relief of the heirs of Robert Fulton.

TURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

One annum—$5 if paid in advance; $5.50 in advance; $6 at expiration of year.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, as the Post is sufficient to keep attorneys employed, unless they give them and time paid for.

Agents forwarding the full amount of the Post one year in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Agents must always state the Post office nearest which they will see to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

Geographical Enigma.—"by R. C. next week.

"A—Z—" shall appear as soon as possible.

"Ireland," is quite a favorable specimen of what a writer can do in prose composition. We will hear from you.

"Early Rose" is pretty; but the melody is its chief recommendation. Cannot the author be more nervous?

"Lucy," received for insertion.

"An engineer in a lady. But we really do not relish our making such a remark, nor can we think you would like it. Accept it in the spirit in which it is from the pen of Lady Bloomgirdle. Reader, we would hold such a lawyer in contempt.—Worcester Spy.

No one says so, unless he is a dunce, and old dunce, or some sort of cut-throat to boot.—Ed. Post.

Lines to "P." and our friend at Patterson, N. J for words of encouragement.

Ivy—"P. R." are not admissible. Bore to think we have had them before. Ought to such verses to

Thou art the sweetest and the best
That ever I have known,
I never can see more to it
Without wishing that a throne

—cannot think young masters and other Parsonses, to be content on plain good old English to have true love in their hearts, and we will be more sure upon them with whole volumes of jingle.

As rest of the right sort. We have hunted his place in the Post, but can't get it there. Will look for it again, on an island. Good

Lines to "E. H. Bruce," as oh not fit. We are always happy to hear from him, whether from the wilds of Pennsylvania, or those of the Woodlands

Lines to "Ella Prince," by all means.

The Court at Inquiry.

Opinion on the case of *Major Lendrum and Captain Randolph*, in the office of Thursday evening at public the following official order. It will be seen by the Major General commanding the army, that the acquittal of the charges brought against them.

OFFICIAL.

GENERAL ORDERS } Quarters of the Army,
No. 1. } Adjutant General's Office,
Washington City, May 7, 1840.

The board of officers constituted by the direction President of the United States, whereof Brevet Brigadier General J. E. Wool, Inspector General, is and which convened at Baltimore, Maryland, on the 25th May, " for the purpose of investigating the allegations made against Major T. W. Lendrum, Commissary of Subsistence, and Captain S. B. Randolph, Assistant Quarter Master," of which the case is which they have performed their duties in accordance and Quartermaster's Department, and finally the following opinion *in the case of Major T. W. Lendrum*—

"Having patiently heard all the testimony and considered the points at issue to offer, and after carefully examined the proceedings and a name of the witnesses, as of opposite sides, the board of eighteen foundation for the accusation made against Major Lendrum, on the contrary, the board is satisfied that he has, from first to last, acted with all considerations, discharged his duties in the manner and Commissary of Subsistence creditable to himself, and to the public good, and opinion the board is cordially united.

"In the case of *Captain S. B. Randolph*, the board has heard the testimony which the parties concerned have to offer, find after a careful review of the proceedings, and a patient hearing of the parties themselves, as a disbursing officer of the Quarter Master's Department, has been governed by the considerations than those of the public interest, and he has honestly and faithfully discharged his duties.

The proceedings and opinions on the foregoing have been submitted to the President, and are approved.

The board of officers of which Brevet Brigadier General J. E. Wool, Inspector General, is President, is hereby dissolved.

By order of
ALEX MACOMB.
Major General Commanding the Army.
L. THOMAS
Assistant Adjutant General.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—We wish the Post Department would make some arrangement by which the mail to Reading in Northumberland Co. Pa. and thereabouts could be carried with a little more certainty and regularity, and dispatch, than at present. The mail now goes by the Centre Turnpike at a cost of $5000 per annum, leaving Phila. at 6 A. M. and frequently arriving at Sunbury at three in the morning, in consequence of which we do not arrive at Reading before ten or eleven o'clock, not at Danville till next day. The mail is often suspected by the Railroad, and we understand that the contractor is sorry it is so. If so, assure all should consider would be satisfied. The one start A. M. an hour by which morning newspapers would be forwarded from Phila. reaching Reading, Northumberland and Danville in time to conclude the same evening. The additional expense of two dollars would be more than made up, by the additional postage that would be received by this arrangement, and we hope the department will seriously reflect upon the change.

Financial Record.

NEW YORK FREE BANKS.—We cut from the N. Y. Star the following.—The committee of free bank men appointed at Auburn on the 10th inst. to petition unanimously adopted resolutions, reported Edward Sandford, Esq. declaring the currency act of 1838 unjust. The Legislature is urged to call the attention of the general banking law, unconstitutional and void.

As to making it obligatory on the state security banks to redeem at any place other than their own counters.

As to the creation of an additional bank commissioner, and subjecting the security banks to his control and supervision.

As to the appropriation of the interest on their stock, to the payment of the comptroller to the payment of the salary of such commissioner.

The committee was appointed to confer with the committee appointed for that purpose, of agreeing upon some mode of bringing the constitutionality of these acts to the test speedy decision.

INDIANA TREASURY NOTES.—Indiana Treasury notes are for sale in New York, dated 20th April last payable at twelve months, with 6 per cent. interest. They are receivable for all state dues, are in form, and of the denomination of bank notes, and circulate bank, but are broken at 2 per cent discount.

COUNTERFEIT ENGRAVING.—[The counterfeiting on the Ontario Bank, have been presented at Mr. Miller's office within the last few days.

General News.

ANTHRACITE IRON.—We were shewed on Saturday a specimen of Anthracite iron from the Roaring Creek Furnaces, that was quite a subject of curiosity. The inquiry we ascertained that it had been satisfactorily demonstrated by experiment that the anthracite iron was superior to the best charcoal iron—that it is soft, mild, and of much greater strength than cast iron of the character generally. It seems that it has 5 cwt. 50 lbs. of ore, take, work 1 ton 12 cwt. of anthracite coal for heating the blast and smelting, and about 8 cwt. of limestone, 1 ton of metal. Some of the pig metal was run into different forms for trial. At Chestnut Grove Forge, iron was produced in bars, with as much ease and facility as from charcoal metal. It was of tenacious and fine texture. A number of bars were worked into horse shoes, horse shoe nails, and even fishing hooks. It was soft, smooth, and elastic—and old hands, who have long worked in iron, say it will answer admirably for boilers, chain-cables, sheet iron, &c. Anthracite coal may therefore be pronounced the best fuel for the smelting of iron yet discovered, and the generous effort such a development must have upon the iron interest of the country, the friends of protection Europe will soon feel it in her cost, in the diminution of our imports in the article, for when we can manufacture as good as that of England, Russia, &c., our people will be enabled to expend at home the millions they are now compelled to send abroad, to enrich foreigners.

STEAMBOAT BOILER BURSTS.—The New York Herald states that on Sunday—the steamer Cygnet, Capt. Yates, started in the morning, at nine o'clock, on an excursion round Staten Island, with about one hundred and fifty persons on board. At ten o'clock, or thereabouts, when a mile and a half beyond Elizabethtown point, one of the boiler heaves, or a inch pan of iron, or something gave way, leaving a hole about two inches square, causing a small stream of hot water to be thrown on the deck. Immediately the steam, and a portion of the water struck a passenger, standing near, in the face, which severely injured and disfigured it.—Three other passengers were so frightened by the steam rushing out and the noise, that they foolishly jumped overboard. Two were drowned, namely, William Lewis, of Orange, New Jersey, a blacksmith, No. 27 James street, and Benjamin D. Disbrow, tailor, in Stanton street, near Columbia. The latter was a native of Monmouth, New Jersey, and was 21 years of age. He picked up. He refused to give either his name or address. The body of Lewis was found at 4 o'clock, at the time of the accident there were upwards fourteen inches of steam on.—Capt. Yates immediately gave up the excursion, and returned to the city with his passengers and steamer.

A STEAMBOAT CUTTING.—The boats from New York to Albany on Monday morning the fastest kind of opposition. The Napoleon, the slower boat, put on the route for the purpose of carrying cheap, left New York at 6 o'clock in the morning, and reached Albany. The opposition line had sent off the Utica only one third full, just before, and just as the Napoleon passed the Utica, she was seen to put on more steam, and the Napoleon was left behind. Finally the Napoleon got the opposition line started out and ran her down decidedly. Whether this was the Napoleon passed the Utica, she carried till her smoke pipe nearly touched the water, and then came near upset. The consequence of the sudden and reckless way in which she was managed, was that the Utica left her smoke pipe behind her, but tried to run her down. Finally the Napoleon got clear, and among her voluntary kindness. Her owners grown dominous this extend over thirty five degrees of latitude, and seven of longitude, and cover an area of 3,000,000 square miles.

SUICIDE IN PRISON.—On Friday, a girl named Hannah Chamberlain, committed suicide in the city jail in Boston. She had been arrested from Providence and had been in this country but two months. She refused eating and starved herself to death. She was in charge of stealing 30 sovereigns from her employer. She examined about 4 o'clock next day by the magistrate, and was found by the other females locked in one of the cells in the prison. The two other females fell asleep, and one of them making about three quarters of an hour, found the prisoner dead, with a rope around her chief, which she had passed around her neck and fastened to the window spring, which she had placed as a recess to the wall.

PUSHING TEETH.—The Boston Times calls attention to a new substance for filling serious teeth. It is said to be a mineral compound, and when properly when applied, so as to be pressed into the cavity with out causing pain; and requires no being moistened before using. It hardens to a degree that resists a knife and file almost as perfectly as the enamel of a tooth. Now hundreds of persons were to the Times were to send their whole teeth, that the Times might publish the secret, and wage an offensive war against that country.

EXTENSIVE FIRE.—By a slip from the office of the Cincinnati Gazette, dated May 2, 8 o'clock, A. M., we learn that the extensive distilling establishment of N. U. Chaffee, Esq., on Pleasant Run, about three miles from that city, was entirely destroyed by fire about 1 o'clock that morning.

EXECUTED.—J. B. Mullen, who was sentenced to death for the murder of Comet, expiated on the gallows in Boston on Friday, on the 3d ult., between the hours of twelve and one. Previous to his execution, he attended to his evil in the company of the religious comforters.

FOUND DEAD.—An inquest was held last Wednesday in Pattsville, on the body of a stranger supposed to be either James Cullen or Michael Cullen. The papers on the body of Cullen, and the circumstances of the case, left no doubt on the minds of the jury that the deceased was one of the two persons named. The jury, however, could not find that the deceased was either of the persons named, as the actual knowledge of the nature of the disease of the deceased was not sufficient to warrant them in coming to such a conclusion. The jury, however, were of opinion that those who met it from being imposed upon by designing persons, and that the deceased came to his death without fault of society and negence, which compared with the circumstances of the case.

The work contains a full account of the cause, symptoms, and treatment of Asiatic Cholera, which will be found a valuable to the people who cannot afford to apply to physicians with accounts particularly complaints of long standing, such as Rheumatism, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, consumption, diseases of the liver, spinal affections &c. The author's character and reputation in the treatment of which will be a sufficient recommendation of the work to the public. Price $1 per copy.

We have received from the author a pamphlet containing a number of the remedies recommended for the removal of diseases of the digestive organs, which may be had at the patent medicine and we would most affectionately recommend to the afflicted to call and procure a copy, as we believe it contains much information of great importance. They will find much original and valuable matter to be obtained in this pamphlet, and we feel that the spirit of the most celebrated English physicians and learned Professors of the Universities of Europe.

THOMPSON M. D.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Commissioner in Pennsylvania, duly nominated, constituted and appointed by the Governor of the States of Rhode Island, New York, to take the Acknowledgment and Proof of Deeds and other Instruments of Writing under Seal, passed in the said States, and to administer Oaths and Affirmations pursuant to an act of the Legislature of the said States, passed [illegible] the Acknowledgment of Deeds and Instruments of Writing under Seal, passed [illegible] 1840.

Commissioner's Office, No. 70 South Second street, Office hours from 9 A. M to 3 P. M.

G. WASHINGTON ASH, Agent for Negro Slaves, Office and Residence, No. 1 Dock street, and Mortgages Loaned on Life and for the purchase of Negro Slaves. Office, Back Room No. 4 Exchange Building.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The subscriber has just received a fresh supply of the genuine Hyperion Fluid, which is warranted to force hair in a few weeks of either equally respectable, should remove the dandruff and invigorate perspiration of the scalp and original effect of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Also, Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge on hand in quantities to suit purchasers. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant has been used in the practice of the subscriber for the last twelve months, and has never failed to relieve the most distressing cough in a few hours. Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is certain cure for Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, for Female Diseases, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Piles, Sick Headache, Obstructions, and Irregularities of the Skin, &c. and in all cases where an improved Alterative or Purgative Medicine is required. For sale by

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States. my 16—6m

Notice of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

Proof Sapient of Harmony Cooking are published at the end of each week. No. 112 Chestnut street. These Systems have a large list of subscribers than any other published in the United States, and are universally admitted to be the most valued wherever known. Below we publish two of many flattering certificates, which may be seen by calling at my office.

TERMS, &c. $10 for the first, and $5 for each succeeding year. Address, Chas. Ezekiel, 112 Chestnut st. P. O. Box 20 each. Piano Desk holders from $1 to $4 each. Piano Stools from $3 to $6 each. Piano Covers, $1 to $2 each. Waiters $1.25, Screens $1.25, Cabinet Furniture, Stands, Tables of Instructions of Fashions or Picture Plates, beautifully engraved and colored, published monthly—by mail and full—for the convenience of a superior quality wholesale and retail.

N. B. Those already subscribed to the Fashion Periodicals will be charged but $5 per annum, from the commencement of their subscription.

Mr. F. Mayer, Dear Sir:—I have been a subscriber of Watts's before I took yours, over since 1839, but I never now see without any flattery, that you have the best Fashion Book in the country. I have taken it for the purpose of having one of the most correct, fashionable and that I was an embroiderer at first.

Millersburg, Penna. May 13th, 1840.

Mr. F. Mayer, Sir:—" I have made use of your System of Dress and Cutting since last January, and find it without doubt, the best I have ever seen. I have taken Watts's Fashions for the last volume, and have taken your System as a new guide. Neater fitting Coats cannot be cut, or as neat Vests and Pantaloons than I have cut or seen cut.

Your's respectfully,
HENRY WIERMAN

HONESTY, candor, and truth has prevailed over the whole of the Union, and the Proprietor of the Indian Vegetable Pills would be ungrateful, and he has arranged pass he will make unacknowledgments of persons formerly to him, for the benefit they have received from the use of these valuable pills. Many have been restored to health after having been given over by their friends and physicians, and have been saved from the grave, by the use of these pills.

I frankly acknowledge that I was in error when I gave up as a certain case that many persons were in Watts's during the five years that I used Watts's Drafts, I had no idea that there was a better book published, but I have as this week as now my appointment as the commissioner of the Indian Vegetable Pills, and I can truly say that they are always successful in the accomplishment of the object which No wood cuts disgrace the work. WHATEVER IS GIVEN IN THE CASKET IS OF THE FIRST ORDER OF ART.

The volume will be opened with the first of a series of splendid Mezzotint engravings, proper costumes for the work, by the hairs of Sartain, who deservedly stands at the head engraver of the day, and he has shall in this further.

LITERARY CHARACTER.

The literary character of the Casket is well known. It is wholly original of the highest order, and materials of WRITERS OF THE FIRST RANK. Essays, Tales, Sketches, and Travels, comprise the principal prose portion, while the poetry is equalled by that of no other periodical of the day. The variety in which the Casket is celebrated, shall suffer no diminution; but on the contrary, every exertion shall be made to increase its interest.

Several Romances of the Revolution

have already appeared, and others shall follow in the course of the volume, presenting, when finished a complete picture of the scenes, and it is hoped a correct picture of the manners, and the great actors of that time. Thus, the Casket, instead of being filled with sickly sentimentality, will be the true delineation of human nature in every variety of position.

The series of thrilling Nautical Sketches, entitled "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," and which are now in course of publication, will be continued in the Casket—the first "Tom Cringle's Log," will be continued—the "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO," which have attained a deserved celebrity, will still furnish attractions to the Magazine.

We shall furnish the readers of the Casket with some valuable papers from entirely new sources—The *Author of* OLD IRON SIDES OFF A LEE SHORE, will give the first of a number of Sketches on Shipboard Life, which will be founded upon his own experience, and is much in maintaining the great popularity of the Magazine. In addition to the variety already secured to the pages of the Magazine, our "STRAY LETTER" from the Editor's Table, will be continued—the first of which appeared in the June number, as interesting, will interest, and add worth to its pages. They form no unprojected pen.

FASHIONS.

The fashions are published in the Casket quarterly, of which advance really new styles arrive from Paris. The ENGRAVINGS ARE COLORED, and ELEGANT FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS. No old, worn out plates are to be found in the Casket published as LATEST designs. The truth of our designs may be tested by comparison with the latest fashion plates from London and Paris. They are universally admitted to be the finest specimens of engraving and coloring of any Magazine in this country. The expense of getting up these plates is very great, and we know there the quality. Remember! *The readers of the Casket are furnished with these fashion plates* AS AN EXTRA. They are not connected with the magic engravings, which always accompanies the work.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Casket is published on the first of the month in every quarter of the Union. The one hundred subscribers are to receive their numbers on the first day of each month in Philadelphia. In all the principal cities agents have been established, by which the publication will invariably can obtain their copies free of postage.

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS per annum. Or one Copies yearly for FIVE DOLLARS, invariably in advance, and post paid. *No one subscriber received without the money, or the name of a responsible agent.*

Letters who may copy this Prospectus, and will send a copy, receive one gratis, addressed to Philadelphia Post. (which will save the publisher the postage on newspapers) must be promptly furnished with the work to be particular in this matter, we must have the work to be sent to us. Letters must be post paid, or no notice or delay may occur. Editors are served with the Magazine from the time the advertisement is inserted. We must, as many received the advertisement at the end of the last volume, and expected all the back numbers. Those of course would not be expected to grant.

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JACOB SCHNEPP, No. 183 North Second street, between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church, would inform his friends and the public that he has just received from Europe a large assortment of Fancy Goods, consisting of Gilt Papier Mache Tea Trays, Gilt Papier Mache Work Boxes, Gilt Papier Mache Tea Caddies, Gilt Papier Mache Dressing Boxes, Gilt Papier Mache Card Cases, Gilt Papier Mache Cabinets, Gilt Papier Mache Writing Desks, Gilt Papier Mache Ladies' Companions, Gilt Papier Mache Ladies' Reticules, Gilt Papier Mache Ladies' Baskets, Gilt Papier Mache Flower Stands, Gilt Papier Mache Fire Screens, Gilt Papier Mache Footstools, Gilt Papier Mache Foot Boards, Gilt Papier Mache Bellows, Gilt Papier Mache Pole Screens, Gilt Papier Mache Hall Stands, Gilt Papier Mache Ottomans, Gilt Papier Mache Sofa Boards, Gilt Papier Mache Chairs, Gilt Papier Mache Sofas, Gilt Papier Mache Tables, Gilt Papier Mache Bedsteads, Gilt Papier Mache Cradles, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Chairs, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Tables, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Bedsteads, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Cradles, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Work Boxes, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Writing Desks, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Dressing Boxes, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Tea Trays, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Tea Caddies, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Card Cases, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Cabinets, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Reticules, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Baskets, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Flower Stands, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Fire Screens, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Footstools, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Foot Boards, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Bellows, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Pole Screens, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Hall Stands, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Ottomans, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Sofa Boards, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Chairs, Gilt Papier Mache Children's Sofas

We Live.

I know that in my youthful years,
A being wild and free,
As parts as how upon the shower,
Or perfume from the tree.
Thy wings more light than the gazelle's,
As drawn like thy repose.
Upon thy cheeks the blushes dwell,
Love revels light on the rose.

The eye with sunny glances breathes,
As if from heaven it came,
A chasten whereby'er you turn,
And heavenly seems as gladness breathe.
A chaplet for their locken,
Thy star-bit lustre is almost true,
With those that rule the night,
Pure as the taint of summer skies,
Rested in their purple light.

Years roll—I love them more again.
As stated was on their wings,
Not darkling lines of care or pain,
Were traced around thee now.
As wild and careless was thy glee,
As gladness was thy mirth,
Thy may form more sweet seem'd to be
A creature of the earth.

The blood so remonstrated the one,
Been 'neath some fevered star,
The emperor of a fiery throne,
Or wrote—Love who.
Apart—the hands not of the throng,
That ere around thee flew.
Her vame the echo of many song,
That borrowed it in the glen.

Some happy one may wake that glance,
Bright as the morning beam,
May breathe the magic of that trance,
The sweetness of that dream.
May win the tongues of that heart,
The home of love and truth,
And be a time may bring them back,
The visions of thy youth.

Philadelphia, 1838. S. H.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The Clock.

As we were going up stairs, Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles which he had held in his hand hitherto: arranged his neckerchief, smoothed down his waistcoat, and made many other little preparations of that kind which men are accustomed to be mindful of, when they are going among strangers for the first time and are anxious to impress them pleasantly. Seeing that I smiled, he smiled too, and said that if it had occurred to him before he left home, he would certainly have presented himself in pumps and silk stockings.

"I would indeed, my dear sir," he said very seriously; "I would have shown my respect for the society, by laying aside my gaiters."

"You may rest assured," said I, "that they would have regretted your doing so, very much, for they are quite attached to them."

"No, really?" cried Mr. Pickwick with manifest pleasure. "Do you think they care about my gaiters? Do you seriously think that they identify me at all with my gaiters?"

"I am sure they do," I replied.

"Well now," said Mr. Pickwick, "that is one of the most charming and agreeable circumstances that could possibly have occurred to me!"

I should not have written down this short conversation, but that it developed a slight point in Mr. Pickwick's character, with which I was not previously acquainted. He has a secret pride in his legs. The manner in which he spoke, and the accompanying glance he bestowed upon his tights, convince me that Mr. Pickwick regards his legs with much innocent vanity.

"But here are our friends," said I, opening the door and taking his arm to mine; "let them speak for themselves. Gentlemen, I present to you Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick and I must have been a good contrast just then. I leaning quietly on my crutch-stick with something of a care-worn, patient air; he having hold of my arm, and bowing in every direction with that sweet expression, and an expression of face whose sprightly cheerfulness and good humour knew no bounds. The difference between us must have been more striking yet as we advanced toward the table, and the amiable gentleman, adapting his jaunty step to my poor tread, had his attention divided between treating my infirmities with the utmost consideration, and effecting to be wholly unconscious that I required any.

I had made him personally known to each of my friends in turn. First, to the deaf gentleman, whom he regarded with much interest, and received with great frankness and cordiality. He had evidently some vague idea, at the moment, that my friend being deaf must be dumb also; for when the latter opened his lips to expose the pleasure at Mr. Pickwick seeing him to know a gentleman of whom he had heard so much, Mr. Pickwick was so extremely disconcerted that I was obliged to step in to his relief.

His meeting with Jack Redburn was quite a treat to see. Mr. Pickwick smiled, and shook hands, and looked at him through his spectacles, and under them, and over them, and nodded his head approvingly, and then nodded to me, as much as to say, "this is just the man: you were quite right," and then turned to Jack and said a few hearty words, and then did and said every thing over again with augmented warmth. As for Jack himself, he was quite as much delighted with Mr. Pickwick, as Mr. Pickwick could possibly be with him. Two people, perhaps, were not together since the world began, who exchanged a warmer or more enthusiastic greeting.

It was amusing to observe the difference between this encounter, and that which succeeded, between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Miles. It was clear that the latter gentleman viewed our new member as a kind of rival in the affections of Jack Redburn, and besides this, he had more than once hinted to me, that he did consider that Jack, in his anxiety were accompanying a gentleman of his years and gravity. Over and above these grounds of distrust, it is one of his fixed opinions that the last comer is generally in the wrong: he therefore looks upon Mr. Pickwick as one who has justly suffered in purse and person for a breach of his plighted faith to an unprotected female, and holds that he is called upon to regard him with some suspicion on that account. Those causes had a rather cold and formal reception: which Mr. Pickwick acknowledged with the most satisfactory and intense politeness as was displayed on the other side. Indeed he assumed an air of such majestic defiance that I was fearful he might break out into some solemn protest or declaration, and therefore inducted him into his chair without a moment's delay.

This piece of generalship was perfectly successful. The instant he took his seat, Mr. Pickwick surveyed us all with a most benevolent aspect, and was taken with a fit of sensing full five minutes long. His interest in our ceremonies was immense. They were not very momentous or complicated, and a description of them may be comprised in very few words. As our transactions have already been, and must necessarily continue to be, more or less affected by being presented in these pages at different times and under various forms, they do not require a detailed account.

Our first proceeding when we are assembled, is, to shake hands all round, and greet each other with cheerful and pleasant looks. Remembering that we assemble, not only for the promotion of our own happiness, but with the view of adding something to the common stock, an air of languor or indifference in any member of our body would be regarded by the others as a kind of treason. We have never had an offender in this respect; but if we had, there is no doubt that he would be taken to task, pretty severely.

Our salutation over, the venerable piece of antiquity from which we take our name is wound up in silence. This ceremony is always performed by Master Humphrey himself, (in treating of the clock, I may be permitted to assume the historical style, and speak of myself in the third person,) who mounts upon a chair for the purpose, armed with a large key. While it is in progress, Jack Redburn is required to keep at the farther end of the room under the guardianship of Mr. Miles, for he is known to entertain certain aspiring and unhallowed thoughts connected with the clock, and has even gone so far as to state that if he might take the works home for a day or two, he thinks he could improve them.

We pardon him his presumption in consideration of his good intentions, and his keeping this respectful distance, which last penalty is insisted on, lest by secretly wounding the object of our regard in some manner that we little dream of, and for its improvement, he should fill us all with dismay and consternation.

The preparations finished Mr. Pickwick the highest delight, and seemed, if possible, to exalt Jack in his good opinion.

The next ceremony is the opening of the clock-case (of which Master Humphrey has likewise the key,) the taking from it as many papers as will furnish forth our evening's entertainment, and arranging in the room such new contributions as have been provided since our last meeting. This is always done with peculiar solemnity. The deaf gentleman fills and lights his pipe, and we once more take our seats round the table before mentioned, Master Humphrey acting as president in the centre. He calls it his easy president, where all are on the same social footing—and our friend Jack as secretary. Our preliminaries being concluded, we all fall into any train of conversation that happens to suggest itself, or proceed immediately to the order of the reading. In the latter case, the paper selected is consigned to Master Humphrey, who flattens it carefully on the table and makes dog's ears in the corner of every page, ready for turning over easily: Jack Redburn trims his lamp with a small machine of his own invention which usually puts it out; Mr. Miles looks on with great approval and much hilarity; the deaf gentleman draws in his chair, so that he can follow the words on the paper or on Master Humphrey's lips, as he pleases; and Master Humphrey himself, looking round with mighty gratification and glancing up at his clock, begins to read aloud.

Mr. Pickwick's face while his tale was being read would have attracted the attention of the dullest man alive. The complacent motion of his head and face-finger as he gently beat time and scrutinized the air with the inquisitive expression, the smile that mantled on his features at every joyous passage, and the sly look he stole around to observe its effect on the rest, the calm manner in which he shut his eyes and listened when there was some little piece of description, the changing attention with which he acted the dialogue to himself, his agony that the deaf gentleman should know what it was all about, and his extraordinary fondness every now and then for making the broadest of a word in the manuscript or substituted a wrong one, were alike worthy of remark. And when the reader, after completing a long communication to the deaf gentleman by means of the finger alphabet, with which he constructed such words as are unknown in any civilized or savage language, he took up a slate and wrote it down, that he might see it in a line, the question, "How—do—you—like it?"—when he did this, and handing it over the table, studied the reply, with a countenance only lightened and improved by his great easy manner, even Mr. Miles related, and could not forbear looking at him for the moment with interest and favour.

"It has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, who had watched Mr. Pickwick and every body else with silent satisfaction, "it has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, taking his pipe from his mouth, "that there is our time for filling our only empty chair."

As our conversation had naturally turned upon our last meet, it was but a willing ear to the recitals, and looked out our old friend Mr. Weller.

"I feel sure," said he, "that Mr. Pickwick must be acquainted with somebody who would be an acquisition to us; that he must know the man we want. Pray let us not lose any time, but set this question at rest. Is it so, Mr. Pickwick?"

The gentleman addressed was about to return a verbal reply, but remembering our friend's infirmity, substituted for that kind of answer a sense fully nods. Then taking up the slate and pointing on it a gigantic "Yes," he handed it to that kind gentleman for his opinion, who had looked round upon our faces, protested that he and the deaf gentleman quite understood each other already.

"The person I have in my mind," said Mr. Pickwick, "and whom I should not have presumed to mention to you until some time hence, but for the opportunity you have given me, is a very strange old man. His name is Samler."

"Samler!" said Jack, "I have certainly heard the name before."

"I have no doubt then," returned Mr. Pickwick, "that you remember him in those advertisers of mine (the Pickwickians, by-the-bye of old, I mean) although he is only incidentally mentioned; and if I remember right, appears but once."

"That's it," said Jack. "Let me see. He is the person who has a grave interest in the old-mouldy chamber and the fires of court, and resides in the same chamber. I remember to have to his theme—and an old ghost story—in that the man."

"The very same. Now," said Mr. Pickwick, lowering his voice to a mysterious and confidential tone, "he is a very extraordinary and remarkable person, living, and dwelling, and looking, like some strange spirit, whose delight is to haunt old buildings; and absorbed in that one twilight subject which has engrossed his whole attention which is quite wonderful. When I retired into private life, I sought him out, and I do assure you that the more I see of him, the more strongly I feel impressed with the strange and dreamy character of his mind."

"Where does he live?" I inquired.

"He lives," said Mr. Pickwick, "in one of those dull, lonely old places with which his thoughts and stories are all connected: quite shunning the rough stones smooth and glittering together. In this dusty solitude, he broods upon the fancies he has so long indulged, and when he goes into the world, or any body from the world without goes to see him, they all present to his mind and still his favorite topic. I may say, I believe, that he has brought himself to entertain a regard for me, and an interest in my visits: feelings which I am certain he would extend to Master Humphrey's Clock, if he were once brought to join me. All I wish you to understand is, that he is a strange deluded visionary, in the best world but of it: and as unlike anybody here present, as one human being possibly can be, that I have met, or known."

Mr. Miles seemed this account of our proposed associate with rather a wry face, and after murmuring that perhaps he was a little mad, inquired if he were rich.

"Rich!" replied Mr. Pickwick. "Oh dear, no."

"You might know, Sir, for all that," retorted Mr. Miles, sharply.

"Why, how do you?" said Mr. Pickwick, no less sharply than the other, "but I do not. Indeed," he added, relapsing into his usual mildness, "I have no means of judging. He lives poorly, but that would seem to be in keeping with his character. I never heard him allude to his circumstances, and never fell into the society of any man who had the slightest acquaintance with them. I really have told you all I know about him, and it rests with you to say whether you wish to know more, or know quite enough already."

We were unanimously of opinion that we would seek to know more: and on a sort of recognizance with Mr. Miles, (who although he said "I should certainly—he should like to know more about the gentleman—he had no right to put himself in opposition to the general wish)—and so forth, almost his head doubtfully and hemmed several times with peculiar gravity, it was arranged that Mr. Pickwick should carry me with him on an evening visit to the subject of our discussion, for which purpose an early appointment between that gentleman and myself was accordingly agreed upon: it being understood that I was to set on my own responsibility, and invite him to join me, or not, as I might think proper. This solemn question determined, we returned to the clock-case, (where we have been forestalled by the reader,) and between its contents, and the conversation they occasioned, the remainder of our time passed very quickly.

When we broke up, Mr. Pickwick took, aside, to tell me that he had spent a most delightful evening, and that he should be confident to meet with an air of the strictest secrecy, he took Jack Redburn into another corner to tell him the same, and that he was perfectly enchanted with the new gentleman, and the claim to repeat his assurance. It was amusing to observe the contest in his mind, whether he should confide in confidence to Mr. Miles, or treat him with dignified reserve. Half a dozen times he stepped back again without saying a word; at last, when he was close at the gentleman's ear and upon the very point of whispering something conciliating and agreeable, Mr. Miles happened suddenly to turn his head, upon which Mr. Pickwick plunged away, with some fierceness, "Good night, Sir—I was about to say good night, Sir—nothing more"—and so made a precipitate bolt him.

"Now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when he got down stairs.

"Right, right, Sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold hard, Sir, right arm fast—now the left—now one strong consolation and the great coat's on, Sir."

Mr. Pickwick acted upon these instructions, after being farther assisted by Sam who pulled at one side of the collar, and the elder Mr. Weller, who was waiting under the light figure tremble as she looked up into my face.

"Come," said I, "I'll take you there."

She put her hand in mine as confidingly as if she had known me from her cradle, and we trudged away together; the little creature accommodating her pace to mine, and seeming proud to lead a lid take care of me than I to be protecting her. I observed that every now and then she stole a curious look at my face, as if to see what kind of man I was, and from that I fancied that those glances (very sharp and keen they were too) seemed to increase her confidence at every repetition.

For my part, my curiosity and interest were at least equal to the child's, for child she certainly was, although I thought it probable that no one else would make out, that her very small and delicate frame imparted a peculiar youthfulness to her appearance. Though more scantily attired than she might have been, she was dressed with perfect neatness, and betrayed no marks of poverty or neglect.

"Who has sent you so far by yourself?" said I.

"Somebody who is very kind to me, sir."

"And what have you been doing?"

"That, I must not tell," said the child firmly.

There was something in the manner of this reply which seemed not to look at the fair face-tire with an involuntary expression of surprise; for I wondered what kind of errand it might be which required her to be so secret. She observed the cog. Her quick eye seemed to read my thoughts, for as it met mine she added that there was no harm in what she had been doing, but it was great secret—a secret which she did not even know herself.

This was said with no appearance of cunning or design, but with an unsuspicious frankness that bore the impress of truth. She walked on as before, growing more familiar with me as we proceeded, and I could see, though I did not, for she said no more about her home, beyond reassuring that we were going quite a new road, and making a remark or two on the way.

While we were thus engaged, I resolved in my mind a hundred different explanations of the object of Mr. Weller's errand, and of the mysterious custody, and Mr. Pickwick, with a laugh, ing face, took his leave. The bodyguard followed side by side: Mr. Weller listened and wrapped up from his knees to his chin, and I followed with his hands in his pockets and his hat half on his head, remonstrating with his father. In a word, we all three behaved like madmen.

I was not a little surprised, on turning to go up stairs, to encounter the barber in the passage. He had left the shop at his usual hour, and was confined to some half-hour in the morning. But Jack Redburn, who finds out (by instinct, I think) everything that happens in the house, informed me with great glee, that a society in imitation of our own had been that night formed in the kitchen, under the title of "Mr. Weller's Watch," of which the barber was a member, and that he could pledge himself to find means of making me acquainted with the whole of its future proceedings, which he begged I would look on myself and that of my readers, by means to neglect doing.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF MASTER HUMPHREY.

Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave my bed in the early morning, and roam about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together, but in the winter my chamber is my place of refuge. dark, though. Heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth, as much as any creature living.

I have fallen inexorably into this habit, both because it favours my infirmity, and because it affords me an opportunity of indulging, without suspicion of its being a propensity to which I am constitutionally addicted, in that propensity. I suppose I am naturally shy and timid, and yet I confess that I have a strong desire to see and observe those faces and figures which are constantly flitting before me, and to which, as they pass by me in the street, I am attracted as by the influence of some magnet. I have a kind of fancy that in the study of these I read more clearly the secrets of the human heart, than in books; and in the solitude of my own room, with my thoughts for company, I can follow out the structure of every face I see, and watch the progress of every passion and emotion, as they rise and fall, and come and go, in busier scenes.

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In quiet, little old man with long grey hair, whose face and figure, as he held the light above his head and looked before him as he approached, reminded me of Rembrandt's finest portraits. And I fancied I could recognise in his spare and alert figure something of that indefinable mould which I had noticed in the child. I had hoped these eyes were certainly alike: but his face was deeply furrowed and so very full of care, that hers all resemblance ceased.

The light which he made his way at however, was one of those receptacles for oil and various things which seem to crouch in odd corners of door-steps, and he bids fair nearly burn its face in the process. Where she had watched twins or thrice, there was a sense as if some person was moving inside, and at length a faint light appeared through the key-hole. Then I heard a shuffling, as of very slowly, the heavier kissing to make his way through a great many scattered articles, stabled in the way, and then the door was opened, and I advanced and what kind of place it was through which he came.

It was a